

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, - D. C.

On the Alaskan railway now projected the Chilkoot Pass will probably be the only one recognized by the conductors.

The rest of the world is glad to go to school to Uncle Sam, but Russia proposes a passport tax upon students of \$250 the first year and \$200 afterward.

When a New Hampshire man was twenty years old, he deposited \$470 in a savings bank at Concord. From time to time he drew \$3200 from it, and when he died the other day, at the age of ninety-five, the sum of \$1500 still stood to his credit. Yet he had never added a dollar to the original deposit. Compound interest did it all.

The pages in the House of Representatives at Washington now wear big black buttons on which the word "Page" is printed. Representative Lessler brought about this reform. Before the members came to know him he was several times taken for a page, and rather brusquely told to go on errands. He then insisted on having the pages tagged.

High-mindedness and right-mindedness may profitably be supplemented by "two-mindedness," which has been defined as taking into account what is urged on both sides, and trying to combine the essential parts of the two opposing arguments into one higher truth. Magnanimity, honesty, breadth—a trio of qualities worth possessing, and the last by no means the least.

Lord Cromer, the British Financial Agent in Egypt, informs his Government in an official report that the reason why so many orders for railroad plants are being given to United States firms is because they are executed with extraordinary rapidity. His report is backed by the statements of a number of Egyptian railway officials. Another score for American enterprise and push.

For eight years three Commissioners have been quietly drawing pay at Washington for codifying the Federal statutes. So quietly have they drawn their pay that a Boston man thought it would be a good scheme to codify the Federal statutes, and he has been working away with a large force of clerks under the direction of lawyers. The other day he learned that the Government is supposed to be doing the work, and he is "out" the cost of clerk hire, stationery, office rent and sundries.

A plan is on foot for the establishment of a geographical society of America, something which will unify the growing interest in American geography, and will lead to a better presentation of the subject in our educational institutions. The question how extensive it is desirable the organization should be made is under discussion. The most far-sighted of the plans suggested includes Mexico and Central America, and may also be extended to include even the remotest parts of Latin America, thus fostering a common interest in a great subject in the whole Western world.

So many horses and mules have been shipped from the United States to South Africa that the rise of prices for these animals has been startling. So extensive, indeed, have been the shipments of horses and mules to Cape Town since the beginning of the Transvaal conflict, so great has been the increase in the sums paid for cavalry remounts and draught animals that Western breeders who have already been enriched by generous profits, may be tempted to go far more extensively into the production of horses and mules, with the expectation that the boom may be kept up for several years.

John Graham Brooks, in a lecture on "The Best of Utopias," at Brooklyn, said the supreme question just now is: "What education will give our race the habits of mind, the sanity and strength to use our vast and untamed energies for objects beyond and better than themselves? Two moral and intellectual agencies are already at work in our midst that will more and more lessen our slavery. The first is the rapid rise of the arts and crafts movement, the motive of which is to modify the commercial spirit so that every product that admits of grace and beauty may receive their stamp. The other influence is the bringing of science into the great primary industries of life, into the home and upon the farm."

ONLY ONE WAY IS RIGHT.

"My boy," said Uncle Hiram once, while giving me advice, "The saw that doesn't wobble is the one that cuts the ice. The saw that close applies itself, within its narrow groove, will soon or late fulfill its work by keeping on the move. When half way through, temptation may beset it, like as not, to leave the place that seemeth hard and seek a thinner spot; But shifting saws will learn at length, when failure they invite: There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!"

"And bear in mind, my boy, through life, if tempted tasks to shirk, Success is but a second crop, the aftermath of work. A lubricator tried and true is perseverance oil. And fortune's smile is rarely won except by honest toil, A safe cross-cut to fame or wealth has never yet been found, The men upon the heights to-day are those who've gone around, The longest way, inspired by the sayin', somewhat trite: There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right."

I knew my Uncle Hiram had achievement's summit reached; I knew him as an honest man who practiced what he preached— And so I paid the lesson heed, and rapt attention gave. When, in an added afterthought, he said: "My boy, be brave! Act well your part; tenaciously to one straight course adhere; Though men declare you're in a rut—work on, and never fear; You'll realize, when you, at length, have reached achievement's height: There's many a way o' doin' things, but only one way's right!"

—Roy Farrell Green, in Success.



HE title of his paper was ferocious, but not he. Of all the editors that pushed west of the Red River in the "boom" days, he was the mildest and most sedate in appearance. He sometimes looked twenty-one; no one took him for twenty-five, and in truth he was twenty-eight. Raised and educated in an Iowa printing office, a "touring" typesetter for a number of years, he suddenly desired a paper of his own. A clean name with his fellows, joined to the few hundred dollars he had saved, secured for him a plant, and he transported this by rail and wagon into the grass country, and because where he located the Sioux had once ruled he called his paper the Tomahawk. It was a good newspaper. Typographically it could not have been improved upon; every local doing was to be found in its columns, and the editorial page was fresh with homely

a violation of a national law which the corporation ought not to permit. He received in reply a curt letter requesting him in so many words to mind his own affairs. The next issue of his paper bristled with an exposure of what the merchandise company was doing. He investigated so thoroughly that the Government finally acted, and in the end the company ceased the sale of whisky altogether. It was a signal victory for the Tomahawk.

But the same day that the company surrendered its manager at Sand Bluff wrote to the editor of the Tomahawk: "I shall reach your town Monday. If you are still in the country I shall kill you."

The editor opened the letter, read it most carefully, laid it down and said half to himself and half to the press beside him: "It's two days from Monday."

Then he picked up another letter, forgot the first, and eagerly read: "You wish me to come West and take up life with you. I agree with you that we have waited long enough. I am tired working for others, but am ready to work for and with you. By the time this reaches you I shall be on the way. I will reach you Monday."



and cleanly comments on the news of the day. He set no moral standard for the community in which he lived; he indulged in no lengthy dissertations as to what the people should or should not do. He conducted his paper for the news, and if through his retiring disposition he did not make warm friends he nevertheless held the respect of everybody. That he would fight, resent an attack, make trouble if trod upon, no one ever dreamed. He was too quiet.

One day in his search for news he chanced to learn that the Washington Merchandise Company was quietly selling liquor to the Indians. The knowledge aggravated him. The company was the one big trading concern of the region. It had a main store and twenty or thirty branches scattered over 300 miles of country. It was owned by Eastern speculators and managed by local agents. The members of the corporation had wealth and intelligence. That they should permit whisky to be sold to the aborigines seemed extraordinarily outrageous to the editor.

He thought it over, and then wrote a letter to the President of the company briefly reciting what he knew, and suggesting that a stop be put to the sale; that it might precipitate an Indian outbreak, and, anyway, it was

noon, if the stage is on time. I understand I have to take stage from Sand Bluff, but shall enjoy the experience. It is agreeable to me that we should be married as soon as I arrive."

The editor smiled from ear to ear. He walked to the rear of his shack and looked at a room he had been preparing for months for this very coming of his girl. The only carpet in the town was on the floor of this room; her picture was over the dresser; white curtains hid the windows; little knick-knacks had been placed just about as the average man would locate them.

"Well," said the editor, "I may be dead Monday, but she's coming and this is her room."

He was most quiet the rest of the day and the day following. He told no one of the contents of the two letters he had received. Only he satisfied himself that if the Sand Bluff stage was on time that it would reach his town Monday at 12:30.

"No reason, either," said the postmaster, "why it shouldn't be on time." Sunday without attracting anyone's particular attention, the editor barricaded his windows and two doors. He constructed something like breastworks of them. He made also several ingenious peepholes. He knew the Sand Bluff store manager, knew the rage he had felt over the whisky ex-

posure, knew the wild band of frontier spirits that usually journeyed with him when he was "out on business." He had no reason to doubt but that the manager would arrive in town Monday and would immediately search for him.

"I may die," he muttered, "but she's coming."

His last act Sunday before he went to bed was to saw off the barrel of a shotgun and load the weapon with a curious mixture of slugs. He was no expert with firearms; he never carried a "gun," and on a test shot he probably would have missed the side of a barn as quickly as the next man but he kept thinking of the girl, and the more he thought the more methodical his preparations.

He awoke the next morning to find himself besieged. The store manager from Sand Bluff had arrived with half a dozen cowboys prepared for any kind of ruthless sport. They shot the upper half of his shack full of holes without arousing the editor to a reply, and then they announced that they intended to hold him a prisoner there until 12:30 at which time they would rush the shack, set it on fire and shoot him down when he came out. He heard the declaration. He could see them, could sweep with his eye the entire street.

He sat behind a barricade with the shotgun across his lap. He was most carefully dressed and extraordinarily calm for a man who had been under fire for an hour or more. He drew at his pipe with great composure, and studied the time on the face of the little alarm clock that stood on a table near him. The cowboys left two of their number on guard, and rode up the street after liquor. No one interfered with them. The fact that they were from Sand Bluff made their word law in the lesser communities. Many a grim jest they passed on the final fate of the editor, and many an assurance did the store manager give that no "blasted friend of the Indian" could live here.

Still, the editor held the fort through the morning, and the cowboys toyed with him as a terrier sometimes fools with the mouse it means to kill.

At noon a big cloud of dust rose on the trail from Sand Bluff. It was the stage coming in. One of the editor's peepholes gave him such command of the street that he could see the approach of the stage. He noted that as it was traveling it should reach the postoffice in about fifteen minutes, really ahead of time. He got up, shook himself, walked to the back room, looked at "her" picture once, and then carefully loosened the fastenings of his front door. He left the door so that it could be instantly swung back.

Another glance out of the peephole showed him the stage was entering the town. It banged and rattled down the way to the postoffice, halted, and the first passenger out was a tall, lithe young woman of twenty-three or four. The editor saw her ask questions of bystanders, noticed their curious gestures toward his place, saw her start for it.

The cowboys, headed by the store manager, were in front of his office, preparing for their final charge. He swung back his door quickly, stepped out into the sunshine, swung up his gun, and before his foes realized what he was doing, so suddenly had he acted, gave the store manager and one of his companions the charges of his weapon. They fell from their saddles, the others fled with a volley of shots for parting.

The editor staggered a little, then made for the girl. She held out her arms to him, he held her close.

"That's all yours, Kate," he said, with a little gasp in his throat. "I waited f-for you, Kate."

And then he was dead at her feet.—H. I. Cleveland, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

A Moving Mountain.

Most people forget that geology is not altogether a history of the past. The forces that made the mountains are still going on. Some mountains are growing, some are wearing down. Because these processes take a long time to accomplish visible results, one is apt to form the erroneous idea that they have ceased, and that the face of the earth is fixed once for all. A case of geological action so rapid as to be easily observed is the moving mountain in Hunterdon County, New Jersey.

This "mountain" is a knob or mound, which is sliding down the side of a full sized mountain.

It has obliterated old turnpikes and roadways, and threatens to slide suddenly and do great damage. The landslide already covers twenty-five acres of one farm, and has destroyed the boundaries of another.

At the point where the mound has torn away from the mountain is a deep gulch, in which have been found many Indian relics. The place is so dangerous from ledges and banks which threaten to fall that nobody has dared explore the cleft thoroughly.

This geological movement has been so rapid that a new map of the county may be necessary. Heavy rains, says the Detroit Free Press, stir the entire valley to fear lest the whole hill tumble and destroy everything in its path.

Old Mexican Mines.

Spanish annals declare that between 1603 and 1700 the Tapaya mines in Mexico produced \$50,000,000, and that after that the Indian slaves employed in them murdered the Spanish owners and the mines were lost. On old Spanish maps they appear in Northwestern Mexico, about fifty leagues from the sea, and near the town of Dos Pilates. They have now been rediscovered near Cintalagua.

OCEAN'S REPUTATION GOING.

Increase in Ships on the Pacific Followed by Increase in Disasters.

The Pacific Ocean is fast losing the reputation implied by the name given to it by Magellan, and which it owes to the placid appearance of its surface when he first saw it. The change is one of the inevitable results of the growth of commerce. Prior to the discovery of gold in California comparatively few vessels sailed over its waters. There were, therefore, few casualties to report. In late years, however, commerce has extended in all directions. The ocean is filling with ships, and the disasters of the sea are multiplying proportionately.

Along the California Coast the ocean is placid enough to retain its reputation as pacific. Storms are rare. It is not often that its waters are lashed into fury like those of the Atlantic in these latitudes. But along the Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaskan Coasts there is little, if any, difference between the conditions prevailing in the Pacific from those existing in the Atlantic Ocean. Mariners now dread Cape Flattery, at the entrance of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, almost, if not quite, as much as they do Cape Hatteras, on the eastern coast. Wrecks are lining the northwestern coast of the continent as they do the northeastern shores of it.

As the Pacific Ocean is gradually filling with the white-winged and steam-propelled agents of commerce, the ratio of shipwrecks is correspondingly rising. Perhaps we have witnessed more wrecks on this coast than we should have experienced if the same precautions against disaster had been adopted in the navigation of Pacific waters as are taken in the Atlantic Ocean. The Pacific has undoubtedly been made the graveyard of many steam and sail vessels which were transferred to it from the Atlantic Ocean because they were not considered safe to keep in commission in the latter, under the mistaken belief that milder weather and smoother water were to be found here. Others have been lost through the vicious practice of overloading, the risk being taken on account of the same error of opinion regarding the placidity of these waters. Ship owners are, however, fast learning that rotten hulks and overloaded craft are not any more immune from disaster here than they are anywhere else. The growth of commerce and the increasing perils of navigation resulting from it demand the abandonment of both.—San Francisco Chronicle.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Immunity is often ignorance perched on stilts.

A gad-fly and a domestic tyrant have much in common.

Valor has won many victories, but diplomacy has doubled them.

There are two kinds of men—gentlemen and knaves. The rest are maulkins.

The tongue is not large, but it is more durable than all our other organs.

Simply because a man is not a knave it does not follow that he is a good man.

The bitterness of death is often spoken of, whereas it is life that is oftener bitter.

The girl who hopes to gain the admiration of men by maligning her own sex will fail.

We are all vain, and those who say they are not have the disease in its most dangerous form.

He who is not liberal with what he has does not deceive himself when he thinks he would be liberal if he had more.

A "perfect gentleman" is usually a very disagreeable person. A manly fellow, who is also a gentleman, is always his superior.

The subtle result of culture, which we call taste, is often subdued by the need for deeper motive; just as the nicer demands of the palate are annihilated by urgent hunger.

What a new face courage puts on everything! A determined man by his very attitude and the tone of his voice puts a step to defeat and begins to conquer. "For they can conquer who believe they can."

Americans Who Move.

Study of the recent United States census shows some remarkably interesting facts, and among them the one that we are the greatest nation of rolling stones on the earth, but, notwithstanding that fact, we succeed in gathering the moss of material prosperity.

The official figures show that out of a native born population of 65,843,302 there are 13,863,651 living in States different from those in which they were born. That is, more than one person out of five has left the State of his birth to seek his fortune elsewhere.

If we count the 10,460,736 foreign born residents we find that about one-third of the population has moved from the State or country of birth. These figures show our mobility to be in the ratio of ten to one as compared with that of Europe.

The State of New York has sent out 1,300,000 of her children, who are now residing in other States, and has received from other States in their stead 534,000 residents. Vermont has a most remarkable record, which shows that she has children living in other States equal in number to one-half of her present population.

The lowest tide in any large sea is in the Mediterranean. At Toulon there is about four inches, which is the average for the whole Mediterranean.

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN is a permanent institution—a feature of the National Capital. Thousands and thousands of people can testify to the good work it has accomplished during the past five years in the line of suburban improvement. It is the only newspaper in the District of Columbia that maintains a punching bureau, whose duty it is to punch up the authorities and keep them awake to the needs of the suburbs. On that account it deserves and is receiving substantial encouragement.

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